

ENCOUNTER

I picked her up over beef stew, near the war memorial. It turns out she's living with a friend who is out at the moment, but whose presence in the room is obvious.

"Are you a lesbian?" I ask her. "No," she says. "At least, we both are." "In that case, you won't mind if I wear my jock-strap."

I take off my clothes and lounge around in my athletic support. She sits on the other side of the table.

The other girl comes in without saying anything to anyone. She sits down at my side of the table and begins to grade some homework she has taken out of a canvas bag. Then she begins to add up some figures.

Her indifference is galling. So I pull down the pouch of the jock and show her a thick dong. The other girl at the other side of the table is reading a newspaper, and doesn't notice a thing. The girl looks up from her figures and calculations. In sign language I hold up 7, 8, 9, 10 fingers to signify, how long?

She is more cunning and lascivious than I'd realized, and holds up 9 fingers as reasonable flattery.

"Wrong!" I say out loud, and hold up 7 (which is already stretching matters a little).

S*I*X P*I*O*U*S P*I*E*C*E*S A*N*D S*O*M*E N*O*T S*O

*****B Y*****

***** B*R*I*A*N * S*W*A*N*N *****
